

I Ain't Nothing But Tired by AGenericUser

Series: 'My Dad is an Asshole' a Biography by Steve Harrington [2]

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Summary:

Steve is late to pick Dustin up and the kid starts to worry.

What's going on with Steve? Maybe a late night conversation with Ms. Byers will clear things up.

I Ain't Nothing But Tired

Author's Note:

I love the relationship that is being built between Dustin and Steve in the show, it's very cute. Anyway, here you go, I'm planning on adding a chaptered story to this series soon and I'm fairly excited about it.

Takes place after Stranger Things Season 2.

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(Rated teen for Dustin's trashmouth.)

Title of work comes from the song "Dancing in the Dark" by Bruce Springsteen.

Dustin sits on his porch steps, his jacket pulled tight around him as the wind blows by him in gusts. He watches the cars intently as they drive slowly through the suburban streets in front of his house. Dustin normally biked to Will's house but after the whole government debacle his mom didn't really enjoy the idea of him biking to the house alone. So to fix this problem, Steve had volunteered to chaperone him wherever, with no charge. Dustin didn't know what it was like to have an older brother but he was sure it must feel something like the rush of admiration and excitement he gets when Steve walks into a room.

Unfortunately, his whole "Steve as a chaperone" plan isn't working so great. Steve is late, 30 minutes late to be exact.

"Where the fuck is he?" Dustin whisper under his breath, clutching the denim jacket tighter to his body.

Dustin would never admit it but he wasn't upset because he was going to be late to Will's, he was upset only out of worry for Steve. He's never late, ever. Steve has always put Dustin first, before everything, even Nancy on occasion, so what could be keeping him? Dustin doesn't have any more time to ponder this as Steve's car pulls up to the sidewalk in front of his house. As Dustin stands, the window on Steve's car slowly rolls down. Inside, he can see Steve with his hands on the wheel, listening to some song on the radio.

“C’mon kid let’s go!”

Dustin pick up his bag from the steps, slinging it across his shoulder.

“Jesus Steve, cool your shit!” Dustin screams back as he walks to the car.

Swinging the door open, he throws his bag onto the floorboard of the passenger side, then throws himself into the seat. Closing the door loudly, he finally sneaks a look over at Steve. Planted onto the right side of Steve's face is a red gash right below his hairline that looks freshly inflicted. Dustin can barely see the beginnings of a black eye on the left side of his face.

“Did Byers kick your shit again?”

Steve sends a playful glare his way, “Can it you little shit.”

“So what are you doing at Will’s today?” Steve says to change topics.

Dustin was a smart kid and he could tell when someone didn’t want to talk about something. So when Steve asks him the question about Will’s he knows just to shut up and answer it. Steve is obviously not ready to talk about what happened and Dustin knows better than to push it.

“We’re playing D&D and starting this new campaign, wanna hear about it?”

Later that night, as he’s lying in a sleeping bag on the Byers’ living room floor, he thinks back on Steve. They didn’t have school today, and Jonathan didn’t beat him up, according to Steve’s testimony and the fact that Jonathan was at the house when Dustin got there, so what happened? Unless Steve was hanging out with someone and he pissed them off enough to get the shit beat out of him, then Dustin couldn’t figure out what happened. Why was he even worrying about this? Steve isn’t a great fighter, he doesn’t even place in the top 10, so it’s not like it’s strange for him to get beat up.

Jesus, why the fuck does it even matter!

With an annoyed huff, Dustin shoves himself up from the ground,

stumbling to his feet. He stretches lightly before making his way to the kitchen to get some water. Tiptoeing his way across the carpet, he slinks his way into the kitchen. Slowly he opens the fridge.

“Dustin?”

He whips around and there, standing in the doorway, is Ms. Byers.

“Ms. Byers?”

She crosses the kitchen and sits at the table quietly, “What are you doing up?”

Dustin looks around quickly, grabbing a bottle from the fridge and holding it up, “Water?”

“That all?” she whispers, giving him a soft, motherly smile.

“No,” Dustin sighs with defeat, pulling up a chair at the table and plopping down into it.

“What’s going on?”

Damn Joyce Byers, with her kind eyes, soft smile and motherly charm. He was going to spill the beans about Steve and start to make her worry, he didn’t want to do that to her or Steve. He doesn’t want to tell her, not one bit.

He does anyway.

“So let’s say, hypothetically, that I had this friend. And this friend had to meet me somewhere but he came late, y’know?” He stutters out.

She nods, urging him to continue.

“But when he, I mean, when they finally arrived they had a whole bunch of injuries and shi- stuff! I meant, stuff.”

She chuckles lightly, “Of course Dustin.”

“Anyway, so they have all these injuries but then when you start to think about it, you realize that there isn’t a way that they could have

gotten these injuries. So then you start to worry about it and, and I don't know, it's just weird isn't it?"

She considers him for a moment, before opening her mouth to speak.

"Does this hypothetical friend have a name?"

Shit, what does he say, he can't just tell her that would be bad! Right?

"Steve!" He blurts.

Her eyes widen slightly. She moves her hand across the table and puts it on top of Dustin's for comfort.

"Sweetheart, some people don't have great home lives and they have some very bad parents. Don't you worry about Steve, okay? I promise you I will keep him safe."

Something in her voice makes him think she's telling the truth but also leaving a whole lot out. He can feel her fierce, motherly protection coming off in waves and he knows, right in that moment, that she will protect Steve.

"I trust you."